C-221-5-6
C.2

Northern Messenger

W. Branscombe
KILLAMS MILLS NB

VOLUME XXXVI., No. 15. MONTREAL, APRIL 12, 1901. 50 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

The Dinner Waggon

Carrying Daddy's dinner has always been a duty involving some difficulty and trouble. Sometimes the child who is chosen to be the bearer of the bread-winner's midday meal is late in coming home from school, in which case the dinner must of necessity be late in starting for its destination, and the workman gets it barely in time to swallow it before the hour for resuming labor.

In Berlin, the capital of our ingenious and enterprising cousins, the Germans, this subject has been thought of sufficient importance to justify the making of a new industry for conveying the working men's

COLLECTING THE DINNERS IN BERLIN.

dinners and delivering them safely, punctually, and piping hot.

The picture we have given is a representation of the waggon used as the means of transport. This can be heated to a high temperature, and is so arranged that the conductor can pack the dinner vessels easily, each in its own compartment, so as to ensure the utmost despatch in delivering them. Indeed, with such rapidity can one of these waggons be unloaded, that three minutes is said to suffice to empty a car which holds from three hundred and twenty to three hundred and fifty dinner pails.

These pots or pails are all uniform in size and appearance. Each consists of two pots, one within the other, so contrived that space is left between them for a little lamp which, in very cold weather, can be lighted to keep the food warm, if the heat in the waggon is not sufficient for this purpose. The compartments in which the pots are placed are formed of thick glass, and the front of each bears the name and home address of the man to whom the dinner is daily to be conveyed, and also the address of the place where he works.

Each pot is made out of one piece of metal, is fitted with an air-tight lid, and is thickly lined with a patent enamel, easily kept perfectly clean and sweet.

The waggons set off on their collecting rounds betimes in the morning, and rumble slowly down the streets, each having its own allotted district. A bell is rung to warn the cottagers of its approach. The careful wife has her husband's dinner all ready, and at the sound of the bell hastens to receive the regulation pail from the conductor. Placing the hot dinner in it, she returns the pail to the conductor, who shuts down the air-tight covers, slips each pail into its own special compartment, and is off in quest of further additions to his load.

All the cars, after collecting their loads, meet at the starting station. Here the conductors exchange into other cars any of the dinners destined for some quarter of the city which is out of their special beat. But this sorting, through constant practice, is very rapidly done, and the two-horse waggons, containing hundreds of hot dinners, are driven quickly away to their respective destinations.—'Cottager and Artizan.'

Neatly Put.

The 'Interior' tells the story related by the late Dr. George P. Hayes of an infidel who was accosted by an old German. The former was about to speak at the schoolhouse in the evening, and the Germain said:—

'Is you de young man vot is to schpeak dis evening?'

'Yes, sir, I am.'

'Vell, vot you schpeak about?'

'My subject, sir, is this:—"Resolved, that I will never believe anything that I do not understand."'

'Oh, my! is dot it? Vell, now you shoost take von leetle example. There you see that field, my pasture over there. Now, my horse, he eat de grass, and come up all hair over he's pack. Then my sheep, he eats the same grass, and it grows wool all over him. And now, vot you tink! my goose he eats the grass, too, and sur's I tell you, it comes all over him feathers. You understand dot, do you? Heigh?'

The old German caught the idea and expressed himself in a very clever way. Many persons assume the position of believing nothing that they cannot understand, imagining that such a claim suggests an ability of comprehension, when in reality, they have not even a primary conception of infidelity. We have respect for a man who reasons out conclusions and maintains them so long as the premises stand firm, but detest the egotist who will say that nothing is worthy of his belief that his mind cannot unravel.

In Camp.

EXTRACTS FROM A MISSIONARY'S LETTER.

'Just now we are out in tent. Our tent is pitched in a mango grove, near the meeting of four roads, and along these roads we are finding quite a lot of villages which we can reach in the trap. My husband meets the men in the open street, and I go to the homes of the women. Everywhere we are having splendid hearings. I had just got my writing case out, when along came six women who sat themselves down at the tent door. They had heard that we were here and that the 'English mother' was speaking good words to the women and reading to them from a big book (the Bible), and they had come to hear. For an hour and a half they sat, and, oh! how they listened. When they rose to go they begged me to come to their village. Just how I am to manage I do not know, for the village is far in among the hills and there is no road, only a footpath.

'I wonder if you have any idea what this tenting and touring about means as regards paraphernalia. Of course we must have camp cots, folding tables and chairs, and wash-stands; and there is the packing and unpacking of dishes, etc., and the supplies. Our potatoes come from a place three hundred miles away, and we can only order a limited supply at a time, usually about twenty pounds, because they do not keep in this heat. There is our baker at home, and no matter how far out we go, a man must travel in for bread every week. We could bake if we sent for flour occasionally, but the earthen ovens break so easily, and travelling over the rough roads in a springless ox cart, the ovens come to grief almost invariably. Then there is the water! One must be so careful of one's drinking water in India. Even the water of our own well at home must be boiled and filtered through a pot of sand, then through a pot of charcoal, before it may be used for drinking purposes. We tried drinking the water of the wells here where we are camped, but although it was boiled and carefully filtered, it was impossible to use it, so perforce we must bring our supply with us and send for more when that is done. Then there is the milk, it is almost an utter impossibility to get unwatered milk in the villages. Of course we boil it before using it, but one is always afraid of bought milk. So our cow is driven out and the calf must come too, for in India no cow gives milk unless her calf is tied close under her nose during milking time. Should the calf die the cow goes dry at once unless the calf can be stuffed in such a way as to deceive her. Many a time I have seen a cow licking a stuffed calf. These are some of the trifles that

must have attention every day of our touring life. Very different from the home life, is it not?'

The above is part of a letter from the lady from whom we expect to get the names and addresses of boys and girls in India. In the place where she lives when not in tent, there are twelve good public schools where English is taught.

M. E. COLE.

Christian Endeavor's First Twenty Years.

In 1881, a single society. In 1901, societies to the number of 60,750.

In 1881, a membership of 57. In 1901, a membership of 3,500,000.

In 1881, a single denomination touched. In 1901, more than forty denominations permeated.

In 1881, an extreme corner of one country. In 1901, all countries on the face of the earth.

In 1881, the English language. In 1901, literature in Chinese, Japanese, Malagasy, Persian, Arabic, Turkish, Bulgarian, Armenian, Siamese, German, French, Italian, Greek, Spanish, Swedish, Dutch Norwegian, Welsh, Austrian, Coptic, Mexican, Portuguese, Indian, the many tongues of India and Africa.

In 1881, no national organization dreamed of. In 1901, national Christian Endeavor organizations in the United States, Canada, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, France, Spain, Germany, South Africa, India, China, Mexico, Japan.

In 1881 no periodical thought of. In 1901, 'The Christian Endeavor World,' the English 'Christian Endeavor,' the Japanese 'Endeavor,' the Australian 'Golden Link' and 'Roll Call,' the South African 'Golden Chain,' the Spanish 'Esfuerzo Christiano,' the Mexican 'Esforzador,' the German 'Jugend-Hilfe' and 'Mitarbeiter,' the India 'Endeavorer,' the Canadian 'Banner,' the Jamaican 'Gem,' the Irish 'Endeavorer,' the Welsh 'Lamp,' besides a throng of state, city and denominational Christian Endeavor organs.

In 1881, only the Young People's society. In 1901, the Juniors, Intermediates, Seniors, Floating societies, Mothers' societies, Prison societies, Travellers' societies, societies in factories, schools, colleges, almshouses, and asylums.

In 1881, a single newspaper article. In 1901, scores of books, hundreds of pamphlets, and Christian Endeavor articles by the thousand every week in the leading secular and religious journals of the world.

In 1881, no young people's religious conventions even guessed at. In 1901, a perspective of New York, Boston, San Francisco, Washington, Detroit, London, and many others, ranking among the greatest conventions of the world's history.

In 1881, no Christian Endeavor unions. In 1901, important unions in practically all cities, counties, States, and Provinces of the English-speaking world and in many other lands, together with the denominational Christian Endeavor federations.

In 1881, three Christian Endeavor committees. In 1901, the lookout, prayer-meeting, social, missionary, temperance, flower, music, good literature, Sunday-school, Christian-citizenship, information, executive Junior, press, calling, relief, and—whatsoever committees, with all that they imply of outreaching, practical effort.

In 1881, the young people neglected in church life. In 1901, the religious training of the young among the foremost purposes of every church.—'The Christian Endeavor World.'

Summer Studies.

A SUMMER TERM AT MR MOODY'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG MEN.

The work at Mr. Moody's School goes on with undiminished vigor. Mount Hermon School, the institution for young men which he established across the river from his home at Northfield, announces a spring and summer session to be held from May 1 to Aug. 20.

This school is not meant especially for the training of Christian workers, but to give a good Christian education to boys and young men of earnest purpose but small means. All subjects that are required to train young men for college or for life are taught, but Bible study is made a central feature in the entire course. During this summer term there will be unusual opportunities for Bible study. Such teachers as President Weston, of Crozer Seminary; Dr. A. F. Schauffler, Prof. Wilbert W. White, the Rev. C. I. Scofield, and the Rev. R. A. Torrey will spend from one to two weeks each at the school, and give the students daily Bible courses This is a rare opportunity for young men in any line of work whose usefulness might be greatly increased by such a term of study.

The expenses for the Summer Term, covering board and tuition for sixteen weeks, are fifty dollars. Full information can be obtained from the principal at Mount Hermon, Massachusetts.

Converted the Infidel.

Dr. Eremete Pierrotti, a French scientist, architect, and engineer, when an infidel, journeyed through Palestine with the avowed intention of disproving the truth of the Bible.

Visiting the heaps of stone over Absalom's grave, he sat down to meditate with a heart full of unbelief; and while he tarried there an Arab woman came by with her little child, which she held by the hand.

In passing, she threw a stone upon the heap, marking the tomb of Absalom, and bade her child do the same. 'What do you do that for?' 'Because it was the grave of a wicked son who disobeyed his father.' 'And who was he?' 'The son of David,' she replied. The professor started as if a blow had struck him. Here was an Arab woman, a Mohammedan, who probably had never seen a copy of the Scriptures, and could not read a word of them; yet she held these ancient facts, and was teaching her child to fling a stone at the monument called by the name of a son who rebelled against his father.

Dr. Pierrotti, Bible in hand, turned to the story of Absalom, and as he read it a new light shone on him. This was the first of many convictions which so wrought upon him that at length he embraced the faith he once attempted to destroy, and devoted his life to the proof and illustration of the sacred Scriptures.—'Sunday Companion.'

Example Not Precept.

A successful worker in one of our rescue missions, says an American paper, is a lady who was formerly a society belle, but who has now consecrated her brilliant, social and intellectual gifts and her beautiful voice entirely to the Lord's work among the lost and degraded. She once remarked that she clung to dancing and card-playing for years after she made a profession of religion; and that her real joy in the Christian life did not come until these things had been given up altogether.

One evening about two weeks after she had made this full consecration, she went into a little mission room, and was there asked to say something helpful to a poor wreck of a man who had been for many years a gambler. The man looked at her suspiciously.

'Do you play cards?' he asked.

'No.'

'Do you dance?'

'No.'

'Do you go to the theatre?'

'No; not now.'

'Very well,' he said. 'Then you may talk to me. But I won't listen to one word from your fine folks who are doing, on a small scale, the very things that have brought us poor wretches where we are.'

'Can you not believe,' added the lady who told the story, 'that the joy of being able to teach the way of life to that lost soul was more to me than all the poor little pleasures I had given up for Jesus's sake?'

—Unidentified.

The Country Grave Yard.

[This piece of poetry was composed for the 'Northern Messenger' by a little girl who has been sick in bed with spinal disease for the last four and a half years.]

The sun slowly declineth
O'er the western sky,
Brightly shining on the river near by;
The logs gleam in the sunlight stream,
While on yonder hill
With a brooding, gentler air,
It seems to shine upon
The little graveyard
That standeth there.

With age and wind
The fence has fallen in;
The remaining rails
Are but relics of bygone days;
The few lone grave stones
That are standing there
Wear a solemn air,
Marking it a sacred place.
The breeze
Softly stirs the leaves.

The sun shines all around the pasture hill,
And through the open gate,
Way up to the old oak,—
Playing as it will,
Casting shadows upon the hill,
As it slowly goes from sight
For the night;
But throwing a last beam
O'er the little country graveyard
Upon the pasture hill.

As I watched the twilight
Slowly deepen
Into the blackness of night,
A soft star rose above it.

JESSIE MAY CLUFF.

River Road, Saco, Me.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN COLOSSIANS.

April 14, Sun.—If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.

April 15, Mon.—Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.

April 16, Tues.—Your life is hid with Christ in God.

April 17, Wed.—Lie not one to another.

April 18, Thur.—Even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye.

April 19, Fri.—Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.

April 20, Sat.—Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Little Nuro.

(By Margaret L. Knapp, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

The missionary sprang up, and looked out of the window as the gendarmes went down the street. It was only the ordinary affair: an Armenian too poor to pay his taxes was being taken to prison. Half a dozen vagrant dogs ran alongside. One of them got under foot, and a gendarme kicked it, yelping, out of the way. Behind them an ox-cart creaked ponderously under its load of black goat's hair sacks filled with grain, the iron rings attached to its spokeless wooden wheels making a rattling noise as it passed. From a minaret not far off a meuzzin, in a quavering, high-pitched voice, was calling the faithful to prayer.

The tall man standing there at the iron grating was in riding-dress. His saddle-bags, powdered over with the black dust of the plains, were in one corner where Aram, his stable-boy, had laid them. He had spent his morning in the saddle, and he had to ride to another part of the district on the morrow. He returned to his table. 'Now for that report,' he thought. He had twenty things to say about this little station in the interior. He meant to make a vigorous plea for more money, to remind the helpers in the homeland that it was no pauper race they were trying to float, but an industrious, harassed people, drained of all their resources. No one would believe what straits they were in without seeing it; he would not have believed it himself once.

Suddenly the iron knocker sounded outside, and presently a woman appeared in the doorway holding a child by the hand. She advanced toward him with a sort of timid boldness, and, after they had bent low to kiss his hand, withdrew to a respectful distance, waiting for him to speak. She was an emaciated creature wrapped in the scantiest of garments. The eyes which sought his were dark and full, but her cheeks were terribly sunken. He knew the type.

'What do you want, my sister?' he asked.

She did not understand and pointed to her ears. He stepped forward, and repeated his question in a louder tone. Still she shook her head, and laid her hand on her throat with an effort to speak; but only a harsh, rasping sound came forth. He offered a slate; no, she could neither read nor write. Scars showed over her temples where her veil was loosened, and between her parted lips he saw that the gums had shrunk away from her teeth through long-continued hunger.

The woman began to talk in rapid, untaught gestures. He followed it as well as he could. She was telling him how the Turks had entered their poor home and slain her husband, how they had beaten her over the head and left her for dead, and how, when she recovered, her voice was gone and she had not been able to hear her child call. Lines of horror and misery graven in her face started out afresh. So graphic was her primitive speech that the room seemed filled with the fury of fanatical persecution. He thought he heard the tramping of feet, the clash of swords, the rain of blows. He regarded her compassionately.

All this time the child had stood, a detached little being, upon the square of coarse Kurdish carpet in the middle of the room. The pantomime was familiar to him; it was the way they begged their bread. Mechanically he stretched out his hands for alms. He would have been a pretty little fellow, but for want and dirt. There was small virtue in his rags; they were not even clean. His mother pointed to him, and went on to say that for herself she would beg; but she had just learned that the American preacher had a place for the children, and she had brought him here to be cared for.

'Can you hear me, my little boy?' asked the missionary, turning to him, while the mother stood back watching eagerly.

'Yes, bodvelli (honorable),' answered the boy in a thin, inward voice as if he had got out of the habit of talking. He looked wan and apathetic, but the missionary knew all about that; he had seen children so altered by a month's good care that they would not have been recognized.

'Tell me your name.'

'Nuro, bodvelli.'

'How old are you? Seven? Eight?' He smiled kindly.

'I do not remember.'

A smile broke out like light on the mother's face. She lifted her chin; the action said, 'Is he not sweet, my little one?' She waved her arms from one to the other with a beautiful surrendering gesture.

IT WAS THE WAY THEY BEGGED THEIR BREAD.

The missionary hesitated. Language was so brutal in the face of these great needs. He tried to explain that the orphanage was full to overflowing, that there was not money enough; he had sent away three who had come to him the day before. He made his gesture very plain, with three fingers held up and a backward sweep in the direction of the door.

The woman made a swift movement toward her child. Kneeling on the floor, she placed him before her with her arm around his breast. She stroked his black hair, she patted his arms, and drew aside the rags to show how wasted they were. She made signs that he was so little, so little; see, he would not eat much. She held his hand outstretched in hers. Her face looked over his shoulder in an agony of entreaty.

'I can't stand this,' said the missionary to himself. He paced the room as if it had grown too small to hold him. He was a man of great vitality, who felt able to carry on a large work. It cramped him to cut his plans to other people's benevolences. 'If it were only once! but when it happens every day—the villagers about here are simply beggared. Their crops will never carry them through the winter.'

He stood still, his hands clinched in his pockets. The woman did not move; her eyes had never left him. 'I don't know how Miss Stanley will manage,' he thought; 'but, if I turn this child away, I believe I shall be doing wrong.' He drew near, laid his hand on the boy's head, and nodded.

Tears streamed over the woman's cheeks as she took his hand humbly and pressed it to her lips and forehead. She turned to her boy struggling painfully to find voice.

'Nuro!' she tried to say.

'Mother! don't go away!' said Nuro. He was a little frightened. She saw his lips move, and caught him to her again. Then she rose, and, pulling the veil around her with another grateful obeisance to the missionary, went out of the door sobbing.

The missionary shoved his papers into the drawer and looked for his hat. 'Come, then, Nuro,' he said, taking the little boy by the hand. They went downstairs and out into the street. A short distance above they came to a wall of sun-dried brick. The outer gate was open. Intermittent sounds reached them of boyish voices reading in Armenian. Nuro cast furtive glances around him like some wild thing. They opened a door. The room was thirty feet long and very bare. A calico curtain screened one end. The rosy-faced English lady busy there turned around, adjusting her eye-glasses.

'What, another?' she asked.

'I couldn't help it,' said the missionary, a good deal like a boy making excuses. 'I turn off all I can, but this is a pitiful case.' He told her the story.

'Poor little ragged fellow! But where shall I put him?' she inquired in a tone of comic perplexity. It was a relief to him sometimes that this woman's perplexities took a comic form. 'Packed tight as herrings they are, and can't turn over at night without the operation of the whole dormitory; and Asadoor is black and blue where Hagop kicked him in his sleep. He says he doesn't know he does it; he has dreams, awful dreams.'

'Can't you piece out the mattress with a couple of straw pillows, and make the boys sleep on them by turns?'

'Why, if I have the pillows. I'll try—I'll do something! He must have clothes, too. Do you know how our clothing-pile has dwindled? Ashag is my despair. You can almost see that boy grow over night, like a vegetable marrow. I should be proud of it under any other circumstances, but why can't they make boys' tunics with tucks in them? I shall have to give this one Ashag's things. They are not bad; only Miriam will have to mend them some more; he caught them on another nail yesterday.'

'Long had she worn, and now Belinda wears,' quoted the missionary, laughing. He felt younger than when he came in. 'That will do exactly. Now I must go back and write that report before I have any more interruptions. Shall I mention the tucks?'

'Mention the money-bag!' replied Miss Stanley.

Left alone, she took the boy's face between her hands, smiling. 'Well, you are a dirty little one!' she said. It was one of Miss Stanley's ways to chatter aloud in her own tongue. She said she could not utter the thoughts that arose in her and

limit herself to what she knew of Armenian. 'I can't give you the clothes, but I'm going to make your face one nice clean spot!'

He stood beside her when the boys came in to supper. The room was now a dining-room. Three long trays were raised a few inches from the floor on wooden stools. Each held tins of grapes; and large wafers of bread, moistened and folded, were at every plate. The table-cloth was under the table, and the boys sat on the floor and drew it over their knees for napkins. Mariam, the house-mother, asked the blessing, and pointed to Nuro to help himself like the rest.

The boys were full of fun and talked together. One of them had a long scar on his forehead from a sabre-cut. Now and then they glanced at the new boy, wondering whether they had once looked like that.

'Why do you cry?' asked Miss Stanley in her sweet English voice, bending over Nuro. She understood children; she knew that they do not like to confide in a roomful.

'My mother has had nothing to-day,' whispered the little boy in a kind of still distress.

'He seems naturally bright, but very ignorant,' said the missionary when the boys had sung their evening hymn and been tucked into bed. 'All he knows of religion is that his mother taught him to make the sign of the cross.'

'Surely that is something,' returned Miss Stanley. 'There is always some point of approach. Children absorb right influences as fast as wrong ones.'

'Miss Stanley, you bring a breath of fresh air to us who have been toiling alone here so long.'

'Do I? I am very glad. Do you suppose I shall ever have the Armenian? Krekor says I improve. His discipline is good. The boys were rather unruly when they came, it was so hard for them to get used to regular hours.'

'Nuro seems at home now, and has got over crying; but I don't always understand him,' she said some days later. 'We had bread with the chopped meat balls and onions to-day, and he pointed to his piece, and asked if he might have it. Mariam told him it was for him. Do you think it was because he had not seen so much food at once?'

'Perhaps so. Did he eat it?'

'Mariam did not say; she told me afterwards.'

One morning Nuro's mother came to the missionary's headquarters as before. The room was full of people standing or sitting cross-legged on the carpet. The missionary was treating a tailor's inflamed eyes. 'You must not use them to-day or to-morrow,' he ordered.

'The honorable knows that I get no bread if I do not work,' answered the man respectfully.

When they had gone, the woman came forward with eager, questioning motions. He knew that she was asking him about her boy. He pointed in the direction of the orphanage. It had never struck him before that she must be ignorant of his whereabouts.

'Let me see,' he thought. Catching up a pamphlet, he went through the motions of spelling; she comprehended. Then he drove two or three imaginary nails into the table. His eyes twinkled; he put some fun into his amateur strokes. She nodded with delight.

A trade—good! He made the circle of an hour on his watch. She glided up to the wall, and stood leaning against it, her face turned toward the door. He went on with his work. Somehow that scarred figure waiting there patiently got into his letter. It seemed to him to typify Armenia. 'How long?' he asked, 'how long?'

'MOTHER! MOTHER!' CRIED NURO.

As she followed him to the orphanage, the boys were just out from school. Nuro bounded up to his mother, and she caught him in her arms. She held him off to look at him; she pinched his cheeks and felt of his striped tunic. Her face beamed all over like a child's. From her girdle she drew an old blue rag. It held a meagre handful of filberts saved for him.

'But I have something for thee, mother,' said Nuro triumphantly, putting his hand into his bosom. He brought out several pieces of hard bread. 'Wait!' he said, as if she could hear him, pulling her farther into the passageway. He came running out with a cup of water. He poured it over a piece, and crowded it to his mother's mouth. The missionary heard his laugh ring out high and clear. He had never heard Nuro laugh before.

'Poor woman! Mariam says she comes every few days now to peer in here as if it were the gate of Paradise,' said Miss Stanley. 'She kisses the wall when she goes away.'

Winter was on them. Flat housetops gleamed white at dawn; the minarets of the neighboring mosques, wreathed lightly in snow, took fantastic ornamentations. Snow blocked the narrow streets and fell heavily in the ruined villages on the plain outside, where the people herded together in such hiding-places as they could find against the bitter cold. It was just before the Armenian Christmas in mid-January. Miss Stanley came to take counsel with the missionary.

'Would you be willing to let Asadoor put a little patch on your shoe?' she asked. 'You'll make him a proud and happy boy if you consent. He wants it to be his Christmas present to you.'

'It does need mending, that's a fact,' said he. 'Let him try; he is very painstaking. I don't believe there are brighter boys in any of the orphanages than we have in ours. Nuro's improvement pleases me. He has gone to work to earn his Bible now by learning two hundred verses, and Krekor says he will have it before long. I wish we could give them a little treat. We are so out of the world that we do not get presents from outside like the bigger stations.'

'I brought some picture cards with me that I have been saving up for this time,' replied Miss Stanley cheerfully, 'and I never go anywhere without a roll of tissue-paper in my trunk. If you're good at that kind of work, we'll let you help.'

'I'm not,' said the missionary meekly; 'my fingers are all thumbs.'

'Then you shall help crack the nuts, and we will have raisins and pomegranates besides, and singing and games—you'll see. The boys have asked me to give their dinner to the poor one day this week and eat bread. It was their own idea; they talked it over among themselves. When I think how little self-denial there was in our soup and flannel distributions at home, it makes me ashamed.'

Nuro ran hither and thither helping the house-mother. He had grown keen-eyed and chubby. In the midst of these preparations a message was brought to the orphanage. His mother was dying.

'The boy left no word where to find her,' said Miss Stanley.

'I know the way,' said Nuro.

He knew the streets where he had begged like a gamin. They threaded their way among the great piles of snow shovelled from the roofs till they came to a cowshed, low, dark, pestilential alike to sight and smell. Mean as it was, two homeless families shared it. Nuro's mother lay on a heap of mouldy straw. She seemed to be living only till they came. At sight of her the missionary knew that the food and medicine he had brought were of no avail; she was dying of one long hunger.

'Mother! mother!' cried Nuro, throwing himself down beside her with tears running over his cheeks. She motioned feebly to him not to spoil his clothes. Again the missionary felt the old suffering. Did they know, those dear people at home, what it was like to carry that pain? He knelt and chafed her hands with, O, how kind a touch! He prayed God to take her to himself. Nuro's voice mingled with his, murmuring words he had learned. The mother folded her hands, but her eyes were on her child. There was a strange triumph in them.

'As we forgive those who trespass against us,' repeated the little boy in Armenian. 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Kanzi koogut eh takavorootuna yev zoorootuna yev parka havedyanus. Ahmen.'

It is good for a man's heart when a woman's eyes bless him so. The mother made a last effort to speak, and a grating sound escaped her. She pointed to her son.

'Safe!' she said.

An hour later the missionary was on his way back to the orphanage with the weeping child clinging to his warm hand like a father's. The mother was safe now, too, and overhead the winter stars were shining as they once shone at Bethlehem.

A Plea for Home Music

(By Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'Congregationalist.')

'Play something for us, Maude.'

'O, mother, don't ask me. I'm out of practice. I haven't touched the piano in a month.'

'But any little simple thing will please your father, child. He likes to hear his old favorites, the tunes and variations you knew before you went away to study. Often since we've been alone he's looked at the piano, shut up there cold and dumb, and said, "It won't be like that when Maude comes home."'

The young girl shrugged her shoulders irritably, a trick she had learned from her music master, and answered, positively:—'I have forgotten those silly jingling things, mother, and I wouldn't play them if I could. As soon as I've gathered myself together and feel that I can do myself justice, I'll play, but not just yet.'

The mother sighed. She and her husband had made many sacrifices that Maude's musical education should be complete. The cost of her lessons, of keeping her in town, of buying her the new instrument and furnishing her not only with music but with opportunities to hear great performances had been a severe tax on their resources and on their strength. But they were American parents and the self-denial from first to last had been ungrudgingly borne. From the hour when Maude's little fingers played the scales and her father had swelled with pride as he caught the rhythm of 'Money Musk' and 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' her beautiful talent had been the possession on which their hearts had fastened as life's greatest delight. Now she was acknowledged to be an accomplished musician, wonderful for an amateur, aspiring to be a professional, yet Mr. Burrows shook his gray head sorrowfully as he confided to his wife: 'We never get any good from it all. Seems as if Maude doesn't get any good from it herself.'

At prayer meeting, the week after her return from a year's absence, it had happened that the pastor's wife who usually played the hymns was absent. The minister asked whether some one of the young ladies would not take her place for the evening, and had pointedly addressed Maude, after a pause of silence and waiting, 'Will you not help us, Miss Burrows?'

Maude had declined, to the deep disappointment of the old people, to whom it appeared incomprehensible that after all her study she should not be able to render so very small a service. Fortunately, the pastor played a little himself, and was not, therefore, entirely dependent upon others, but he said to his wife later, and she agreed with him, that he thought any young woman who played at all might learn to play simple sacred melodies so that at a moment's notice, if the occasion arose, she could be of use in a gospel meeting. In this opinion the minister does not stand alone. There are many who share it with him.

A thorough musical training, with its discipline of ear and hand, its marvellous technique and its intellectual breadth need not wholly exclude the less while it gives the freedom of the large. The girl whose own refinement of taste is satisfied only with classical music may still, if she choose, give rare pleasure to a homely audience of her own people and her neighbors to whom the harmonies she prefers are an enigma to which they have no clue.

I thought of this one evening lately as I sat on a veranda, where the moths flitted about the fragrant vines, and listened to Chopin and Schumann deliciously played by a young woman, from whose slender fingers the music rippled and dipped in a golden shower. Her répertoire was wide, her attainments large and her memory a phenomenon. And when there was a modest request from a timid, old-fashioned acquaintance for a former favorite it was not preferred in vain to Dorothy, who could dash into college songs, glide into dreamy nocturnes, play the sentimental pieces no longer in vogue and accompany a quartette or soloist with equal facility and willingness. Such ease and grace were not uncommon at an earlier period, but as our ideals have become higher, our standards more exacting, young women have overlooked the fact that a little home music to give enjoyment to the domestic circle and to chance visitors is a charming contribution to the satisfaction of life.

'Why should we not carefully cultivate the memory for music, so that we may not be obliged always to depend upon the score,' is a question for the consideration of amateurs who are not willing to carry their notes wherever they go. The musical memory is as susceptible to cultivation as the memory for history, arithmetic or spelling. And a question for parents is, 'Why should not the boy as well as the girl be taught the piano, the violin or some musical instrument?' To a youth at the period when childhood passes into adolescence music is a resource; it provides agreeable occupation for leisure and a partial defence against temptation. Then, too, the responsibility for making and keeping home the dearest place on earth is as much laid upon sons as upon daughters. The boys as well as the girls should join in making the household cheerful and attractive.

I am not urging a letting down of the plane, nor a slovenly rendering of fine music. I am fully aware of the imperative requirement that an artist should jealously practice and tolerate neither slurring nor sketchy work. Along with fidelity to one's art, however, may go a spirit of gracious accommodation to the less highly educated, an ability to please those who do not understand the difficult and the classic, a willingness to offer now and then a little home music in a plain home.

Daily Life.

Spending hours of every day
  Doing little duties,
Bearing little trials and cares,
  Finding out their beauties,—
Nothing great, no famous deeds,
  Just the present labors,
Sphere, the home, with all its needs,
  Relatives and neighbors.

Oft monotonous it looks,
  With its troubles teasing,
But He, who 'pleased not Himself,'
  Was to God well pleasing.
And we may fulfil the plan
  Foreordained by Heaven,
If we do the best we can
  With the talents given.

KATHERINE A. CLARKE.
Toronto.

Martha's Temptation

(By Marie D. Hanson, in 'Happy Days.')

Martha Sykes raised her eyes surreptitiously to the clock. It was on the point of striking eight, so she had been at work one hour and a half. Four hours yet before noontime, and then a scant thirty minutes in which to consume two slices of bread thinly spread with butter, and an untempting doughnut.

Martha straightened her bent shoulders, pulled closer the heavy garment on which she was working, and sighed. How warm it was in the room! She remembered how cool and fresh the air had felt when she was hurrying to work that morning. It must be even nicer now, she decided, stealing another upward look, this time through the window. Ah, well! No use to sigh for what could not be. The long cloth seam was there to be bound, the 'boss' was standing near, liable at any time to sharply reprimand her with the remark, 'No idling there, Number 9! Hurry with your work.'

For nearly twelve months Martha Sykes had labored in that close room with twenty other girls, reporting for duty at 6.30 a.m., when urged to do so by 'extra rush orders,' and at 7.30 a.m., other days—and this for a weekly sum that barely served to keep body and soul together. How many, many times Martha had longed for her country home during that year! But her happy girlhood ceased the day she laid her mother to rest in the village cemetery and found herself alone in the world.

At this crisis Martha's first impulse was to turn to the great city. Other girls had made money there; why should not she? And to the dirty, bustling, stifling city the fresh-faced country girl came, full of youthful enthusiasm and courage. The enthusiasm passed away with the first six months of toil in Tailor Edward's shop, but Martha's courage did not fail her. She did her best and hoped for better things.

Nine o'clock struck and the seam was finished, and Martha called for another garment. It was given her and she resumed her work. Her back ached and her head ached. Martha wondered in a vague way if she were going to be sick and who would care for her in such an event. Not the disappointed, impatient landlady who rented her the tiny room Martha called home. Long ago Mrs. Jones had been compelled through the shortcomings of others, to deny herself the charity of giving something for nothing.

The clock struck ten and Martha was still wondering what would become of her if she fell sick, when the head woman bade her get ready and go to the store to match some trimming. The other girls viewed Martha enviously, each wishing that she had been the favored one.

'Hurry there and back. Waste no time. We can't afford to lose a minute,' was thrown after her.

Martha would gladly have lingered in the fresh, delightful outdoor air, but it was her nature to obey. She hastened to the store, completed her purchase, and while waiting for it to be wrapped, glanced around the store. As she did, her eyes rested on a lady who was talking to the proprietor at another counter. Martha thought what a kind, sweet face the lady possessed, and wondered if she had ever known trouble. Then the package was returned and Martha hurried away. Half way to the tailor shop she paused, thinking how large the bundle was she held in her hand. Suppose they had given her the

wrong one! Martha unrolled the paper and examined the contents, and her eyes grew bright with astonishment. In addition to the trimming she beheld a pair of kid gloves, several yards of pretty black lace, and half-a-dozen fine linen handkerchiefs. She stood still for a minute in perplexity. If she were to return them to the store the 'boss' would rebuke her for being too long about the errand. If—why is it that temptations always seem to come to us in our weakest moment? We think sometimes, 'Oh, that I had been called upon to meet this another time! I could have withstood it, but when I am weak and discouraged'—

It was thus Martha's temptation came to her. Why should she say anything about the discovery? There was a certain place in the neighborhood of her home having three shining balls hanging outside the entrance, and Martha had often heard Mrs. Jones say that the proprietor of this place would take almost anything and pay cash for it, asking no questions. Martha needed extra money. It was long since she had had more than sufficient to buy bare necessities.

Martha stood irresolute, and as she did so, some words she had heard a week ago recurred to her. She had stopped to listen to the Salvation Army singing on the corner, and at the close of the song a bright-faced young man began to talk. Among the words he uttered were some which Martha remembered now: 'You cannot sin and expect God to bless you. Do right, and you have a right to expect him to help you, because he has promised to love and help those who do his will.'

There was a fierce, brief struggle in Martha's heart. She needed helping—sorely she needed it. 'O God, help me!' she cried to herself. A few minutes later she was hastily retracing her steps to the store, and that was the turning-point in Martha's life.

Mrs. Pennington, the lady whom Martha had observed in the store, was the owner of the articles, and when she learned that Martha had returned them, she was moved to make inquiries about the girl.

And now, Martha no longer binds seams in the close, stifling atmosphere of Tailor Edward's shop, but she is developing into a capable, trustworthy housemaid under Mrs. Pennington's kindly teaching. She has a pleasant room, plenty to eat and to wear, a comfortable home, and daily she experiences the blessings that come to her because of right doing.

Sonnet.

It is the sunset hour, calm and bright,
The last weak breath is stealing soft away,
And peace rests on the death-bed of the Day.
A faint blush tinges the pale cheek of Night,
And o'er the scene reflects a rosy light;
From every tree a vesper song is heard,
The lullaby of some old mother bird
Flown weary homeward after fruitless flight;
On yonder mountains, reared like altars old,
The tree tops flame like sacrificial fire,
Heaped high by Autumn's rich and lavish hand.
Soon, one by one the falling flakes of gold
Leave pointing up to Heaven a naked spire,
And drop like fading embers on the land.

—Margaret S. Evans, in the 'Witness.'

What Any One Can do on a Blackboard.

(By Florence H. Darnell, in the 'Sunday-School Times.')

What is a correct use of the blackboard in the Sunday-school? It is to present a simple drawing in which the thought of the lesson is clearly suggested. It is not an elaborately colored picture placed upon the board before Sunday-school, for the purpose of decorating the room and pleasing the children.

It is rarely advisable to place an illustration upon the board before Sunday-school, even if hidden from the children's view. On the other hand, to entirely stop the lesson in order to draw (even for a minute) endangers the lesson; for the children transfer their attention from the teacher to the blackboard, and, instead of being simply a help to the lesson, the picture becomes to the children the most important part of the work of the session. The drawing and teaching should proceed together, one aiding the other.

The requisites of a good illustrator are inexhaustible patience, good judgment, and the determination to put to the best use the powers God has given. He has not given you the ability to draw? Oh, yes! He may not have endowed you with the especial gift of a Titian, or a Raphael, or a Rosa Bonheur, but there is a wide difference between one imbued with the spirit of art and a person who can make a simple drawing of natural objects.

Good drawing is the result of thoughtful and persistent practice, and experience has shown that almost any one who will make the effort can illustrate. Of course, it is necessary that we should first learn to use our tools properly. For several reasons it is advisable to use the side, not the end, of the chalk, thus making a broad line, which can be seen at a distance. The width of the lines will, of course, depend entirely upon the length of the piece of chalk. If the chalk is one inch long, the line will be one inch wide. Care should be taken not to make the line too broad, lest the drawing should have a clumsy appearance. Usually one-half inch is a good width. In breaking the chalk the required length, always endeavor to break it evenly, otherwise the line will be irregular in width. The chalk should be held at a right angle to the line to be drawn.

As all objects are bounded by lines either straight or curved, the first exercise would naturally be drills in drawing both straight and curved lines in various positions. These drills lead to accuracy in drawing, correct ideas of proportion, and a perfect control of the muscles of the hand and arm.

Holding the chalk firmly, and pressing upon the board with a decided, rapid stroke, practice horizontal, vertical, and oblique lines, until they can be drawn accurately. Then combine them, so as to form right angles, acute and obtuse angles, triangles, squares, and oblongs of various sizes and proportions.

When proficient in these drills, it will be comparatively easy to draw simple objects bounded by these lines. Choose some figure (a cross is an excellent one for drill), and observe it closely. Notice that it is composed of horizontal and vertical lines, and that these lines meet to form right angles. Also compare one part with another in order to form a correct idea of he proportion. When you have studied it in this way, draw it again and again until it can be made perfectly. Then practice many other objects in the same manner until they can be drawn very rapidly and accurately. This sort of practice may be carried on indefinitely. Twenty minutes of earnest work each day will lead to good blackboard illustration in a very short time. All blackboard illustration should be very simple; therefore the daily practice need not necessarily lead to elaborate work.

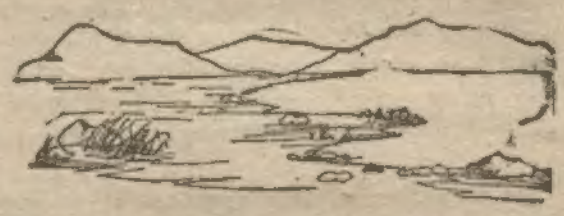
Until proficiency in drawing has been gained, it is wise to practice the especial illustration for the coming lesson every day during the week. Then, when teaching the lesson, the illustrating will have become almost mechanical, and all the teacher's thought can be centred in the lesson itself.

The accompanying diagrams will furnish a good drill. In practicing the ellipse, use the end of the chalk, and begin at the mid-

dle of the lower side. Draw over and over the first ellipse until you have had sufficient practice to enable you to draw it perfectly the first time. After this drill, any one can draw a semi-ellipse. In the next step, make the outline of the semi-ellipse slightly irregular, as shown in the diagram. Next, take a piece of chalk about a half-inch long, and shade one side of the stone by using the side of the chalk.

Few people can draw the human figure well, and it would not be advisable to make the drawing elaborate, even if we could. Frequently a straight line is sufficient, but we can do better than that. Let us take it one step at a time.

Any one can make a capital A, though it may take some practice to make it vertical. After making the A, erase the loop, and draw a line across the lower end. Then draw a small circle at the top. Next add the arm, as shown in the figure, and imitate the folds in the dress by slightly curved lines, drawn heavily at the bottom, and gradually growing lighter. The last figure is quite elaborate enough for all ordinary illustration.



In making the illustration, first draw a horizontal line across the board very lightly. Then draw the hills, taking care not to make them too high. Next, the line indicating the shore. Figures of persons, which would naturally come last, may be added, if desirable.

So Mr. Jones gave $500 to missions at his death, did he? The question was asked of a city pastor the other day. And the answer was, 'I did not say he gave it, but that he left it; perhaps I should have more explicitly said that he relinquished $500 because he could no longer hold it.' The distinction needs to be kept in mind. One gives only when living; he relinquishes at death. There is plenty of Scripture commendation for giving, but none that we recall for relinquishing what the cold, stiffened fingers of Death can no longer hold.—'Christian Work.'

The Love of a People.

WON BY A CUP OF WATER IN HIS NAME.

It was on one of those hot September mornings at a far away Indian Reservation Hospital. The surgeon and his fair young wife were chatting with the matron in the dining-room. The windows were all open. The landscape was fair to see; forest and lake and rolling prairie land, such as one will find near the sources of the 'Father of Waters.' As we gazed out upon the restful scenery, a tired looking squaw approached with a huge bundle on her bent back, and laboriously plodded her way to a window, and hesitatingly cried out, 'Punge nibbee,' which means in the paleface tongue, 'Please give me a little water.' She looked like a burden carrier with her heated tired face, across the forehead of which was the band which held her pack.

The matron, a woman of 'executive ability,' pointed towards the lake. 'There you will find water in plenty,' she said, with a cold, indifferent, almost contemptuous tone.

The Indian woman turned with a lowering look, and started on again.

All this took place in an instant. We stood as it were in a trance of surprise, which was quickly broken by the surgeon's wife, who rushed to the window, and called eagerly to the Indian. The squaw turned doubtfully, half fearing another insult, but was reassured by the gentle voice. She stopped and looked up in wonder and pleasure at the sweet, fair face and golden hair. It seemed to her a vision of loveliness such as she had never before seen.

Now the poor woman approaches and kind hands help relieve her of her pack, and bring her into the dining room. Food, milk, and plenty of water are placed before her and the interpreter assures her of welcome to-day or any day—food whenever hungry, rest whenever weary—and 'Tell her,' said the gentle host, 'that this hospital was built for the Indians by kind-hearted palefaces far away—some now in the spirit land. Here Indians are ever welcome. Come again and see me.'

If ever gratitude took the place of hate on human face here was an instance. Regretfully the poor traveller at last resumed her toilsome way.

'Well,' said the matron, 'you may think that is good policy, but I will tell you it don't work among the Indians. See if the hospital is not overrun this very afternoon with all the old beats on the reservation.'

Sure enough, when afternoon was on the wane the hospital yard was simply full of Indians—blanketed, painted men, boys and squaws.

It did seem as if the matron's fears were about to be realized. The surgeon and interpreter went out on the hospital steps and asked them what they wished. If the Indians wished to come in, it would perhaps be best for a dozen or so to come in at a time, and then they could in this manner go over the hospital.

'No!' they did not wish to come in.

'What do they wish—food, water, tobacco?'

'No'—not even that! They had come to see the Indians' 'friend,' the wife of the paleface medicine-man, and that was the real object of their visit.

With her child in her arms, their friend came forth to renew her words of gentle kindness and sincerity. No man who could witness such a scene of genuine love, could ever forget it. The Indians pressed about to touch the hands and look in the gentle face and to discern with their wonderfully acute powers of character reading, the true, deep interest in their welfare which was so apparent.

And so began the love and devotion which many years have seasoned and preserved, and this is how a cup of water won the love of a people.—'The Living Church.'

A Great Treasure.

Boys who have plenty of books do not always realize what a treasure a single volume may be. The 'Sunday-school Times,' in speaking of the Brothers Carter, the New York publishers, tells this story:

The love of books was born in these Scotch boys. Peter Carter loved to tell a story of Robert's about his first venture in book-buying:—'When I was about seven years old, there was an auction sale of old furniture, which, as it was a rare occurrence in the village, I attended with great interest. Toward the close of the sale, a copy of Josephus's works in folio, much dilapidated, and minus one of the boards of the cover, was held up by the auctioneer, and, as no one seemed to bid, I called out, "Fourpence." "It is yours," cried he, "my little fellow; you're the youngest bidder we've had to-day." This fourpence had been collecting for some time previously, and was probably the largest sum I had ever possessed. When I got the book in my arms, it was with no small difficulty I carried it home. With an apple I hired a little playmate to help me, and we carried it between us, and when we got tired we laid the book down on the roadside and rested, each sitting on an end. But, oh, what a treasure it proved while I eagerly devoured its contents! I used to lay it down on the cottage floor, and myself beside or upon it, and travel slowly down the long page until I reached the bottom, and then tackle the next page. I had read the Bible through twice in order, and I was eager to get all the additional information I could about the Jews. I was greatly puzzled by the word "Greeting," which occurred so often as a salutation at the beginning of letters. That was our Scottish word for "crying," and I could not understand its relation to letters bearing good tidings.'

The Book that Changes the Hearts of Men.

The Bible is a power. 'Through my long missionary life,' writes Mr. Moffat, 'I have proved the softening effect of the Bible on the most savage people, as well as on the hardest hearts. A little while after the gospel had been carried among the Bechuanas in Africa, and had made several converts, I met, one day, an old man of the station, who was still a heathen. He seemed very much distressed.

'"What is it, my friend?" I asked. "Have you lost some of your family?"

'"Oh, no!" he answered; "no one is dead."

'"What is the matter, then? You look very sad."

'The man hung down his head; then he said hesitatingly:

'"My son has just told me that my dog has eaten a page of the Bible."

'"Is that all?" I said. "Don't be troubled. Perhaps I can give you another page just like it."

'"Oh!" said the old man, "it is about my poor dog; he will never be good for anything again. He will not bite any one now follow the game; he will become quiet and gentle, like all the people who read your book. Haven't I seen the hearts of bravest warriors changed into the hearts of women? It will be the same with my dog."'—'Dayspring.'

The Other Man.

(By Margaret J. Preston.)

The storm had spent its rage: The sea
  Still moaned with sullen roar,
And flung its surges wrathfully
  Against the shelving shore;
    And wide and far,
    With plank and spar,
  The beach was splintered o'er.

A league from land a wreck was seen,
  Above whose wave-washed hull,
Fast-tedged the jutting rocks between,
  Circled a snow-white gull,
    Whose shrieking cry
    Rose clear and high
  Above the tempest's lull.

'Hoy!—to the rescue!—launch the boat!'
  I see a drifting speck:
Some struggler may be still afloat,
  Some sailor on the deck:
    Quick! ply the oar,
    Put from the shore,
  And board the foundered wreck!'

Right through the churning plunge of spray,
  Whirled like an ocean shell,
The hardy life-boat warped its way,
  As billows rose and fell;
    And boldly cast
    Its grapnel fast
  Above the reefy swell.

Around the bows the breakers sobbed
  With low, defiant moan;
When instant, every bosom throbbed,
  Held by one sound alone;
    Somewhere—somewhere—
    Upon the air
  There thrilled a human groan.

One moment—and they climb the wreck,
  And there, a ghastly form
Lay huddled on the heaving deck,
  With living breath still warm—
    Too dead to hear
    The shout of cheer
  That mock the dying storm.

But as they lowered him from the ship
  With kindly care as can
Befit rough hands, across his lips
  A whispered ripple ran:
    They stooped and heard
    The slow-drawn word,
  Breathed,—'Save—the—other—man!'

O ye who once on gulfing waves
  Of sin were tempest-tost—
Ye who are safe through Him who saves
  At such transcendent cost,
    Will ye who yet
    Can rescue, let
  Another man be lost?
—'Missionary.'

Mr. E. W. Bok, one of the leading American editors, says:—'Only recently there applied to me, for any position I could offer him, one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the newspaper profession—a man who two years ago easily commanded one hundred dollars for a single editorial in his special field. That man became so unreliable from drink that editors are now afraid of his articles, and, although he can to-day write as forcible editorials as at any time during his life, he sits in a cellar in one of our cities writing newspaper wrappers for one dollar per thousand.'—'Christian Guardian.'

LITTLE FOLKS

How Alice Helped.

'Alice got up one morning fully determined to help her mother in every possible way that day. It happened to be an exceedingly busy day, and after breakfast, when baby was asleep, Alice followed her mother out to the kitchen, and begged eagerly for something to do.

'Run away now, dear; I'm too busy to have you here,' said her mother; but seeing how disappointed Alice looked, she added: 'Do you really want to help me?'

'Yes, indeed, mamma; I can do

TEA ON THE LAWN.

ever so many things, me stay.'

'If you really want to be useful, I should like to have you sit by baby and rock him if he stirs, and amuse him if he wakes.'

'Oh, but I want to help you make cake and pies!' said Alice.

'You cannot help me here, for I shall be too busy to see to you, and you must really run away now.'

So Alice went and sat down by the cradle, but with a very sober face. 'Here I have to sit doing nothing,' she said to herself, 'when I wanted to help mamma so much; and I can't even sew for her, for there is no work ready.'

At last baby awoke, but Alice amused him so well that he forgot to cry, and was as good all the morning as a baby could be. In the afternoon she took him out in his little carriage, and after that had some little friends to tea, and so all day long she had no time, as she imagined, to help her mother. And yet when night came she heard the pleasant words, 'You have been a great help to me, Alice; I don't know what I should have done without you.'

Wasn't that better than if she had teased to be allowed to help in the way she wanted to, and so had been a trouble and a hindrance?

I think we may all, children and Please let grown-up people, learn a lesson from this. We long to do something for the glory of God and the good of the world, and think how happy we should be if we had some great work to do—if we could go on a mission, or preach the gospel, or devote our lives to the relief of the poor and suffering like Florence Nightingale or Mrs. Fry, But God, in his providence, forbids this, and we have to spend our time in things that seem to us trifles, work that must be done, but which seems far below our powers, and is certainly far below our desires and aspirations.

Let us remember that to do well the work given us is truly the highest life. If we desire and aim to please God, these lives, which seem so trivial, will accomplish more than we can now imagine.

Compared with what we desired, or with what some other lives appear to us, we may feel that we have done nothing; but when the day of toil is over, if we have really tried to do our best, we shall hear our Master say, 'Well done, good and faithful servants.'

What One Boy Disciple Did.

(By Sarah Elma Thayer.)

Frank Lee was walking home from Sunday-school all alone. This was unusual for him. The boys in Miss Steven's class were all the best of friends, and lived near one-another, and so when Sunday-school was over they were in the habit of going home together.

On this Sunday, Frank had been very much impressed by something Miss Steven said in the lesson talk, and he wanted to think it over. When the signal bell for closing the lesson rang, asking Miss Steven to excuse him, he slipped quietly out of the room. Frank did not want the boys to-day, he wanted to be alone.

Shall I describe Frank? He was not a handsome boy, but he was tall and strong for his twelve years. His dark brown hair was thick and curly, he had big, honest, grey eyes and a firm mouth.

He lived not far from the little church, in a small but pretty white cottage over which the ivy grew. The tiny lawn was well kept, and there was a profusion of sweet-smelling old-fashioned flowers, for Frank's mother loved flowers and always had them about her, both in summer and winter time.

Frank was walking very slowly, but thinking harder than he had ever thought before in his life.

The lesson had been about the first disciples of Jesus, how as soon as they had found the Saviour, they had brought others to him. Philip brought his friend to Jesus, and Andrew brought his own brother, Simon Peter. Miss Steven said: 'That is what Jesus wants us to do when we have learned to know and love him. He wants us to tell others how we have found him, and what Jesus has done for us. We can tell them that he has forgiven our sins, that He is with us every day, encouraging and giv-

ing us the strength to overcome our temptations,' and then she added very earnestly:

'Boys, perhaps there is someone in our own homes who does not know this dear Saviour, who gave his life for them. Of course they have heard of Him, but they do not realize how loving and forgiving He is. They do not really believe that he can and will keep them from falling, and that he can make their lives strong and sweet. Do you think that if they really understood, they could help loving Him, and trying to do His will? and I think that if we really love this Jesus, and are striving to serve Him, faithfully, we will try to bring these dear ones of ours to Jesus, as Philip brought Nathaniel and Andrew, Peter, his brother.'

For three happy months Frank had been a Christian, He was trying to do what Jesus wanted him to do. It was not easy, although his dear mother sympathized with him, and helped him all she could. It was hard work to be fair and true in school, and at play, hard to keep his quick temper from coming out in sharp angry words, hard to do unto others as he would they should do unto him. Frank had failed often in doing what he knew Jesus would not wish him to do, and in not doing that which he knew Jesus wished; but Frank had not given up trying, and he was very sure that Christ had accepted him, and was helping him day by day to live a Christian life, and unconsciously Frank was growing up into Christian manhood. He had often wished that he could do some great thing for his Master; but he had never once thought that Jesus wanted him to try and lead others to Him. Frank's father was not a Christian, and though he was a most kind and loving father, he often made sneering remarks to his son about the religion he had professed.

'A little boy of twelve a Christian, bah! it's impossible!' he had said to Frank, 'and, besides, what's good enough for me, is good enough for my boy.'

Frank was thinking of that speech now, 'Does Jesus really want me to try and bring father to Him ?' he asked himself. 'I am afraid father will only laugh,' he thought with a sinking heart, 'but I will do it for Jesus' sake, and I'll do it the very first chance I get.' and whispering a little prayer for help, he ran up the gravel walk and into the house.

'Will you take a walk with me, Frank, or has Sunday-school been too much for you?' asked his father pleasantly, as Frank came in the door.

'No, father, I should like the walk,' replied the little boy, soberly.

In a short time they were on their way, Frank answering only in 'Yes,' and 'No.' Mr. Lee could not help wondering what made the usually talkative boy so quiet. It was not until they had almost reached home again that Frank said, in a weak, frightened voice:

'Father, I have something to tell you,' and then he hesitated.

'Go on, lad,' haid his father, kindly.

'Father, I wish you loved Jesus. I wish you had taken Him as your Saviour. How can you be happy without him ? He forgives us everything, and stays with us always and helps us to do right. I think I could be a better Christian, father, if you were one. Won't you come to him?' and Frank stopped, he could not say another word.

Mr. Lee spoke for the first time when they reached the house.

'Tell your mother I won't be home to tea, I've business to attend to, and then walked down the street.

Frank went in with a very heavy heart, for he thought his father angry. Mrs. Lee, could not go to the evening service, and Frank went alone, It was a prayer and song service, and the latter part of the meeting was devoted to testimony. That night there was a new voice. Frank could hardly believe it when he heard his father say: 'I want to tell you that I have accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and I mean to serve him all my life, and, friends, if it hadn't been for my little boy, I don't believe I would ever have found him.' And in that town there was not a happier boy than Frank.—N. Y. 'Observer.'

The Sky Telegram.

A gentleman while buying a paper from a newsboy one day said to him, 'Well, my boy, do you ever find it hard work to be good?'

'Yes, sir,' responded the little fellow.

'Well, so do I. But I have found out how to get help; do you want to know how?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then, just send a telegram.'

The boy looked up in amazement. The gentleman touched the boy's forehead with his finger and said, 'What do you do in there?'

'Think,' said the boy.

'Well, can God see what you think?'

'I suppose he can.'

'Yes, he can and does. Now, when you want help to sell papers or to be a good boy, just send a sky telegram this way; just think this thought quickly: "Jesus help me," and God will see it and send the help.'

A few weeks later he met the same little newsboy on the street, who rushed up to him and said: 'Say, mister, I've been trying the sky telegram the last few weeks and I've sold more papers since I've been doing that than I ever did before.'—'Evangelist.'

A Birthday Gift.

(Mary Rowles Jarvis, in 'Child's Companion.')

Two rows of houses for my own,
Dear father bought for me,
When he was searching in the town
A birthday gift to see.

Such cosy dwellings! tall and white—
Each house has one small door,
But not one window for the light,
And not one scrap of floor!

One house is rather broad and flat,
And stands a space apart;
Sir Sturdy Thumbkin lives in that,
He knows the way by heart.

Miss Index Pointer lives close by—
A useful person she—
With Lady Thimble Holder nigh,
As friendly as can be.

Dame Thirdly lives next door, you know—
She's rather weak and thin;
Then, last, dear little Finger Fo,
Who seldom can get in.

My tenants don't pay any rent,
Or any housework do;
Indeed, sometimes, they all seem bent
On poking windows through.

Yet mother says she dearly loves.
These homes and people wee,
What are the houses?—why, my gloves;
Dear father bought for me!

LESSON III.—APRIL 21.

The Walk to Emmaus

Luke xxiv., 13-35. Memory verses, 25-27. Read Mark xvi., 12, 13; John v., 39; II. Tim. iii., 16, 17.

Golden Text.

'Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?—Luke xxiv.,

Lesson Text.

(15) And it came to pass, that while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near and went with them. (16) But their eyes were holden that they should not know him. (17) And he said unto them, What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk and are sad? (18) And the one of them, whose name was Cleophas, answering, said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days? (19) And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people: (20) And how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him. (21) But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel: and beside all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done. (22) Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre; (23) And when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive. (24) And certain of them which were with us went to the sepulchre, and found it even so as the women had said: but him they saw not. (25) Then he said unto them, O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: (26) Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? (27) And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself.

Suggestions.

The first glorious day of Resurrection was drawing to a close when two men set out on the road from Jerusalem to Emmaus, a distance of seven or eight miles. They were men with sad hearts and as they walked they talked of those things which lay heavily in their minds. They had been among the followers of a certain Prophet who had gained great fame in Jerusalem, and, in fact, throughout the whole country, by his wonderful miracles and his matchless words of wisdom. Indeed, they had been almost sure that he was the very Messiah who was to redeem Israel, and their hopes and trust had soared high. But from the very height, their hopes had been dashed apparently to the lowest depths—this Prophet in whom they had trusted, this Jesus of Nazareth whom they had believed to be the Messiah, this Man who was to have redeemed his people and led them out into a glorious future, had been — oh, they could scarcely bear to think of it!—this Man had been, only three days before this, crucified as a common criminal, outside the city wall of Jerusalem.

No wonder their hearts were heavy as wonderingly they were discussing these sad events. They were not apostles, they were commonplace disciples, such as you and I are, and they had an experience such as you and I may have any day. As they walked on thinking of Jesus, he himself drew near, as he does to every soul that talks of him and longs for him.

The two men did not recognize Jesus as he was walking beside them on the road, When he asked what they were talking about, they wondered at his seeming ignorance of the events which the whole city had been talking of during the past few days, and they told him the things that troubled them, dwelling as much on the astonishing story of those women and disciples who had found the sepulchre empty and had seen the angels who proclaimed the strange news of a resurrection. Perhaps they wondered at the calmness with which their companion heard their tale. Much more must they have wondered at his tender chiding (the word 'fools' here is more correctly rendered thoughtless ones) as he explained to them that these things which Jesus had suffered were really the perfect proof that he was the Messiah, instead of being any proof that he was not. For his very death had been foretold long years before by the prophets, and nearly all the books of the Old Testament contained some reference to him in type or promise. There were, 'The promise to Eve (Gen. iii., 15); the promise to Abraham (Gen. xxii., 18); the paschal lamb (Ex. xii.); the scapegoat (Lev. xvi., 1-34); the brazen serpent (Num. xxi., 9); the greater prophet (Deut. xviii., 15); the star and sceptre (Num. xxiv., 17); the smitten rock (Num. xx., 11; I. Cor. x., 4), etc. The testimony of the prophets: Immanuel (Isa. vii., 14); 'Unto us a child is born,' etc., (Isa. ix., 6, 7); the good shepherd (Isa xl., 10, 11); the meek sufferer (Isa. l., 6); he who bore our griefs (Isa. liii., 4, 5); the branch (Jer. xxiii., 5; xxxiii., 14, 15); the heir of David (Ezek. xxxiv., 23); the ruler from Bethlehem (Mic. v., 2); the branch (Zech. vi., 12); the lowly king (Zech. ix., 9); the pierced victim (Zech. xii., 10); the smitten shepherd (Zech. xiii., 7); the messenger of the covenant (Mal. iii., 1); the sun of righteousness (Mal. iv., 2), and many other passages. Dr. Davison, in his admirable and standard book on "Prophecy" shows that there is not one of the prophets without some distinct reference to Christ, except Nahum, Jonah (who was himself a type and prophetic sign), and Habakkuk, who, however, uses the memorable words quoted in Romans i., 17.'—Cambridge Bible.

How their hearts burned within them as he showed them the meaning of the writings about himself, but still they knew him not as their living Lord. He described to them how the Passover lamb typified the Lamb of God who, by his death, made possible the blotting out of the sins of the whole world. He pointed out the fact that the morning and evening sacrifice had for long centuries daily pointed to the Atonement which was to be made once for all on Calvary by the voluntary sacrifice of a perfectly sinless human life. As they listened the time flew by and all too soon the disciples were at Emmaus and reached their own door, with cordial hospitality they invited their companion in to spend the night for it was getting dark, and he accepted their hospitality. They invited him in as a common wayfarer and stranger, but in so doing they received the blessing of the literal fulfilment of the words which he had spoken a few days before and which he will speak again in the day of final separation. (Matthew xxv., 35, 40.) 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in . . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

As they were sitting at table the Lord Jesus took bread and blessing it broke it and gave some to each. And in the breaking of the bread, perhaps by some gesture or word which reminded them of some other time when they had seen him breaking bread, (Matt. xiv., 19; Mark viii., 7), or perhaps by the thought of some Scripture he had opened to them, or by some sudden revelation of the meaning of the bread of life and the broken body typified by the last Supper, in some way suddenly their eyes, which had been blind to his identity, were opened, and they joyfully recognized him as their risen Lord. So far, their experience might be our own experience, but the similarity to a certain extent ends there, for when they recognized him he vanished from their sight. The disciples were so thrilled and refreshed by their contact with Jesus and their recognition of him, that, late as it was they hurried back to Jerusalem to tell the other disciples the glad and wonderful news of the resurrection of Jesus, the Lord of life and glory.

It is good to pray that we may meet Jesus along the common ways of life as we go, for he walks there, too; it is good to be talking about him as we go, or to be ready at any moment to tell him what we are thinking or talking about. It is good to pray that he may be known to us in the breaking of the bread that not only at the Communion table, but in our own homes and at our own tables the Lord Jesus may preside, enjoying our happiness or sympathizing with our sorrows.

Questions.

What were the two disciples talking about as they went to Emmaus? Who joined them as they walked? Did they know him? What did he ask them? What did they reply? What did he tell them then? Could Jesus have been our Messiah and Saviour if he had not died for us? Why did the disciples ask him in to their house? How were they rewarded? How did he reveal himself to them?

Lesson Hymn.

The Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ has brought us over
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
Our Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own 'All hail,' and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

—Easter Hymn.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., April 21.—Topic—Walking with Jesus.—Col. ii., 6, 7; Gal. v., 16-26.

Junior C. E. Topic.

CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

Mon., Apr. 15.—A man of sorrows.—Isa. liii., 3.

Tues., Apr. 16.—The wearied Master.—John iv., 6.

Wed., Apr. 17.—Jesus endured pain.—Luke xxiii., 33.

Thu., Apr. 18.—He lost friends.—Matt. xxvi., 56.

Fri., Apr. 19.—He was tempted.—Mark i., 13.

Sat. Apr. 20.—Christ carried our sins.—Heb. ix., 23.

Sun. Apr. 21.—Topic—What Jesus bore for us.—I. Peter ii., 21-25.

Free Church Catechism.

43. Q.—What is the visible sign in the sacrament of baptism?

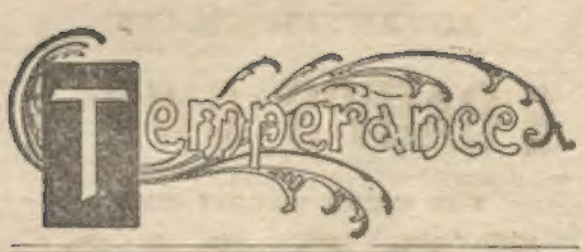
A.—Water; wherein the person is baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

44. Q.—What inward benefits does this signify?

A.—The washing away of sin and the new birth wrought by the Holy Spirit in all who repent and believe.

A Class Registry.

Mrs. Gardner Cram, superintendent of the primary department of the Congregational Sunday-school at Brunswick, Me., has inaugurated a system of class registry which she has used successfully for several years. Large cards about twelve by twenty-four inches have been marked off into squares, one square for each child each Sabbath. When the scholar enters the room he goes to the card and pins a red star to his square, the teacher showing the tiniest ones where to place theirs. If a child is absent, his square shows no star for that Sunday, and his line of stars is broken, presenting an unpleasant spectacle to him during the subsequent sessions. Over the star is put a gilt heart by the teacher to show who has learned the Golden Text. Of course it is the ambition of all to have in his square both a star and a heart. The cards are in light walnut frames, so that they can be easily handled. This year the star system is confined to the kindergarten class, and books are used for the older children who have a separate card for their Golden Text record.—'S. S. Teacher.'



Women and Temperance

(By Helen L. Bullock, in 'Union Signal.')

Webster says 'a philanthropist is one who seeks to promote the good of others.' We are justly proud of our various hospitals, free dispensaries and magnificent charitable institutions for the relief of physical suffering and poverty, but let us not forget that it is a greater good to mankind to prevent as far as possible the evils which cause the poverty and suffering.

During a recent visit to the Home for Incurables in West Virginia I was told by the president that all except two of the inmates in that large and elegant institution, according to the testimony of the examining physicians, were there because of intemperance. Some had been maimed for life by drunken fathers or mothers, some had inherited diseases produced by alcoholism, and others were suffering from the results of this poison in their own bodies because of their appetites for strong drink. While in Atlanta, Ga., a few years ago the matron of the Home for Friendless Children stated that of the ninety-two children in their institution, ninety were there because of an intemperate father or mother, or both. Thus we see that the more we can lessen the drink evil the less we shall need the great and varied charities now demanded in all our cities.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has over forty different branches of philanthropic work. It has the free reading rooms, circulating libraries on board our ships, in the lumber camps, and mining camps; coffee houses, noon-day prayer meetings and gospel missions, prison-gate missions, newsboys' and bootblacks' missions, sailors' rests, rescue homes for erring women and girls, free kindergartens, sewing schools, kitchen gardens, college settlements and training schools, day nurseries for the children of working women, a national temperance hospital and many others. These are all doing good, and there is an imperative need for them, yet I believe the educational and preventive phases of our work are a greater benefit to humanity by hindering the spread of the crowning evils of our day, intemperance and impurity.

Look at the wonderful results of the curfew law for which we are working from Maine to California. The universal testimony of our mayors and chiefs of police is that it has lessened crime among children from fifty to eighty per cent. May God hasten the day when the curfew shall be heard from ocean to ocean in every town and city!

Through raising the 'age of consent' laws and securing police matrons at police stations, pails and railway stations, thousands of innocent young girls have been saved from the snares set by the enemies of virtue and integrity. We can never overestimate the benefit to be derived from securing the law for scientific temperance instruction in the public schools of our land, and we now have it in every state except South Carolina and Utah. These states will soon fall in line, for our faithful white-ribboners there will never know defeat. Already 16,000,000 children in our public schools are being taught the effects of alcohol and narcotics upon the human system, and thus fortified against the evils which confront them on every side. We have also 300,000 boys and girls in our Loyal Temperance Legion with pledge in hand, with reason in head and conviction in heart, going forth singing their temperance songs, and repeating with emphasis their motto, 'Tremble, King Alcohol, we shall grow up.'

Maggie's One Blessing.

'Teacher said in mission school we'd oughter be thankful to-day 'cause it's Thanksgivin'; but I dunno what to be thankful for. I can't be thankful for this cellar to live in, for it's 'most always wet as sop; nor for breakfast, for there wasn't any; nor for a father and mother, for they're dead; nor for 'Liza, for she's mos' generally off an' beats me when she's here; nor for clothes, for there ain't enough of 'em to keep me warm; nor for feelin' well, for my hips ache so hard—it 'most always aches hard now; nor for a fire, 'cause there ain't a bit; but I'm glad the sun shines to-day, it's so much nicer when the sun—there! the sunshine! That's a blessin', an I mos' forgot it. O I am thankful for the sunshine to-day!'

Speech of the Old Apple Tree.

I am an old apple tree,
  Dying, you see,
Though the best in the orchard
  I used to be.
I have borne many apples
  For Farmer Brown.
To store in his cellar or
  Sell in the town.
He has eaten my apples,
  Both green and dry,
When stewed and when roasted,
  In pudding and pie.
Thus used, they were good, giving
  Pleasure and health,
Increasing his comforts,
  His strength and wealth,
And his laughter and mirth;
  For it was from me
He was furnished the fruit for
  The paring bee.
Thus it was in times past, and
  Would be still,
Had no apples been sent to
  The cider mill.
Now Brown's children are ragged
  His wife is sad,
And the farmer himself has
  Gone to the bad;
For drinking his cider
  Led on to worse,
And that sent as a blessing
  He made a curse.
And this is the moral: 'Tis
  Foolish in man
To try to improve on
  The Almighty's plan.
What he gives us for food
  You'll find, I think,
Does harm and no good, if
  Made into drink.

—'Temperance Record.'

Correspondence

Craighurst, Ont.

Dear Editor,—On seeing no letters in the 'Messenger' from Craighurst I thought I would like to write one. I am an orphan boy from Dr. Barnardo's Homes. I was sent to Canada in April, 1899, with a hundred and five more boys, and I came to Toronto for a day and then went to Essex County for some time. Then I came to Craighurst. I go to the Presbyterian Sabbath-school and a kind lady gives me the 'Messenger.' I live on a farm of two hundred acres. I have often read 'Bubbles,' edited by Dr. Barnardo, which is very nice. Dr. Barnardo has nearly five thousand children under his care. I was in the Home four years and a half in England, and I got tired of it and I thought I would try Canada for a change. I have two brothers and five sisters in London, England, and one brother in Australia. I am sixteen years old. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I am going to send it to my sisters in England every week. This is all I have to say this time. Wishing you and the 'Messenger' much success.

GEORGE ALFRED M.

Erle, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and like it very much. I am nine years of age, and live on a farm. I have quite a few pets. I live quite near a church, post-office, and a school. I go to the school in the summer, but do not go in the winter. ARCHIE T.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on Wilson street, and go to the Wentworth Baptist Sunday-school, and we get the 'Messenger.' Mamma always reads the little letters to us. We always like to hear them. I go to the Wentworth Kindergarten. I have two nice grandmothers. They both live in the country. GEORGE S. (Aged 7.)

Wood's Harbor.

Dear Editor,—I have two pet cats, Little Queenie and Little Dumplin. I live near the seashore. I have half a mile to go to school. I have four sisters and two brothers. I got two subscribers. I read the life of the Queen and think it very interesting. I had lots of fun coasting this winter. I am very fond of reading. I have read 'The Man of the House,' 'Household Puzzles,' and 'Only Me,' also 'Whiter Than Snow,' Under the Lilacs,' and 'Four Girls at Chautauqua,' and now I am reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

HILDA F. L. (Aged 11.)

Lamlash, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a kitty named Sweetheart, she hunts all over for me in the mornings and makes a great fuss till I come downstairs. I go to school in the summer time but it is too far for me in the winter time. I go to Sunday-school and church. I wonder if anybody's birthday is on the same day as mine, Feb. 26.

MAMIE B. (Aged 6.)

Strathadam, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I wrote you a letter once before and I never saw it printed. We take the 'Messenger' and we like it very much. I go to school. I have two sisters and two brothers. There is an Indian village near us, and I think there are about fifty Indians in it. They belong to the Micmac tribe, they often come around to our houses. They have a school and a chapel, and some of them have farms.

NEIL G. R. (Aged 10.)

Clarksburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country; we call our farm 'Cherry Grove.' I go to school in summer; it is too far to go in winter. I have four pets—three cats and a chicken. Father has a large orchard and keeps bees, and stuffs birds and deer's heads. Father's name is Idle, but he is not lazy. NELLIE I. (Aged 10.)

Strathavon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and would not like to be without it. I got three new subscribers this year, they are my schoolmates. I go to school. We have a new teacher, we all like him well. His name is Mr. Chatam. I have one little brother, but no sisters. We have a dog named Jack. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school in summer. My birthday is on Aug. 5.

JOHNNIE D. S. (Aged 7.)

Upper Middleboro, N. S.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger.' I like to read it very much. I have a little sister nine months' old. She is very sweet and we think a lot of her. For pets we have a dog and a cat and pigeon. I have two miles to go to school. I go in fine weather. My birthday is on Christmas day. LIZZIE M. M. (Aged 12.)

Smithville.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger from our Sunday-school. I have two sisters and one brother. We have one cow and her name is Black because she is black. We have four little pigs and they are all black, too. I am nine years old. I will be ten next June. We have one dog and his name is Guess, he is nearly twelve years old. G. W. W.

Lindsay, N. B.

Dear Editor,—As my brother takes the 'Northern Messenger' I thought I would like to write a letter. As I have seen so many nice ones from other little girls. I have two brothers and two sisters. I live in the country. My father is a farmer. I go to school every day. I live just a little way from the school house.

DOVE T. (Aged 9.)

Lindsay, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country eight miles from the town of Woodstock. We have two churches, a school house and a blacksmith shop. My father is a farmer. I go to Sunday-school and to day school. I take music lessons. My brother takes the 'Northern Messenger' and I read the stories and like them very much. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine—July 21. FERN T. (Aged 11.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Comforts for the Porch.

'While a few chairs are the only necessary pieces of furniture for the comfortable disposal of the several members of the family, it is oftentimes a pleasure to convert the piazza, or a portion of it, into a convenient lounging and reading-room. It will be a very simple matter to arrange the few odd pieces of furniture necessary to bring about the change. A few chairs, a table, divan, hammock and some stools, a rug and some large plants in jardinieres, if tastefully arranged, will work a wonderful change in the appearance of any piazza, and if the sun should shine on any part sufficient to annoy the occupants, a few large bamboo screens can be fastened in place to shade it nicely and protect one's eyes from the unpleasant top light.

'When old furniture is to be renovated for this purpose it should be well fastened together with screws to insure the strength and safety necessary; then, having been sand-papered to remove rough places and old varnish, two or three successive thin coats of some desirable colored paint can be applied until the appearance is satisfactory. Upholstered seats or backs that are pretty well worn can be re-covered with denim or other serviceable and strong material and fastened in place with upholstery tacks with large oval heads.

'If the old furniture that is found in the attic or cellar should not be available for piazza use it is possible to make some very good pieces from some boxes, boards and a little upholstery goods. Furniture of this description will be found very serviceable on a piazza, as it needs little or no care, and if somewhat abused regret will not follow, as in the abuse of a better grade that has been purchased. Awnings about the upper part of a piazza are oftentimes a necessity to keep the sunlight off, and consequently keep it cool, and in any event they prove a satisfactory shield to the eyes from the light above. Where they are used the mild and subdued under light that prevails is soft and pleasing, particularly if a buff or straw-colored canvas is employed.—'Woman's Home Companion.'

Selected Recipes.

Potato Croquettes.—To cold mashed white potatoes, add pepper, salt, one or two beaten eggs, melted butter, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and minced parsley. Proceed to dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry.

White Cake.—One cup sugar and one-half cup of butter creamed together, the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one-half cup of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, and one teaspoon of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoon of soda. Flavor. If mixed in the same order I have written it, it never fails. Frosting.—One cup of sugar and nearly one-half cup of milk boiled together for five minutes. Remove from stove and beat until cold. Flavor. If any one wishes a plain chocolate frosting, melt one square of chocolate and beat in with the sugar and milk as soon as taken from the stove. If a chocolate cream frosting, you can spread on the white frosting of the cake, and after it is hard enough spread on the melted chocolate. This is a very nice frosting.

About 'World Wide.'

'WORLD WIDE.'

The popular new weekly journal known as 'World Wide' begun with the new year by the 'Witness' publishers, has been meeting with a very hearty reception from the reading public. Mr. King, classical master of the Quebec High School, remarks:—'I wish to say that I have taken and carefully read since its inception the new magazine 'World Wide,' and that I heartily congratulate the publishers upon the success of their venture. The publication is remarkably cheap, and the selections are, in my opinion, very judicious.'

'World Wide' is for sale at the Quebec news stores, and we recommend our readers to examine it for themselves. The price, two cents a copy, is not an indication of the literary merit of this production. It is worth many times that figure.—Quebec 'Daily Telegraph.'

About the 'Witness.'

A READER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

Enclosed please find my subscription for 1901. I have now read the 'Witness' since 1852, and will take it as long as I live. I arrived in Canada on Sept. 22, 1842, and you may judge what changes have occurred in Canada since then. I will be 81 years old on Oct. 14 next, having seen five crowned heads on the English throne. I served in the 71st Highland Infantry, and purchased my discharge in Toronto in 1852. I say, long live the 'Witness'! My sight is failing fast, but I am still in good health. If you can read this you may publish it if you think it worth while.

JAMES SHIVAS.

Three Rivers.

MAP OF CANADA.

We have received an excellent map of the Dominon of Canada from the Toronto Lithographing Company, Ltd. The map is mounted on canvas with pretty wooden frame, and is ready for hanging. The names of places are particularly clear and exact. The map measures twenty-four inches by nineteen.

A Bagster Bible for only four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each. Bound in black pebbled cloth, red edge, measures when open 7 x 5¾. A nice Bible for Sabbath-school, day school, or new.

OUR BEST PREMIUM.

The New-Century Publication
WORLD WIDE

A Weekly Reprint of Articles from Leading Journals and Reviews Reflecting the Current Thought of Both Hemispheres.

Special Clubbing Offers.

TWO GREAT WEEKLY PAPERS

NORTHERN MESSENGER and WORLD WIDE.

12 pages, 30c. 16 pages, 75c.

Aggregating over 350 pages per annum.

Both to one address—Regular price, $1.05
Special price.....$ .60

Both to two separate addresses—Regular price, $2.10.
Special price.....$1.20

Both to five separate addresses—Regular price, $5.25.
Special price.....$2.50

THREE GREAT WEEKLY PAPERS

Northern Messenger, Weekly Witness, World Wide,
12 pages, 30c. 20-24 pages, $1.00. 16 pages, 75c.

Aggregating over 2,160 pages per annum.

All to one address—Regular price, $2.05.
Special price.....$1.50

All to two separate addresses—Regular price, $4.10.
Special price.....$2.70

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal, Canada.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ABSOLUTELY FREE.—I will give a beautiful Watch Chain and Charm absolutely Free if you will sell only one dozen beautiful **Photo Buttons of Late Queen and King Edward VII.** Address F. B. ENGLISH, Iroquois, Ont. This is a chance to get a magnificent Present Free.

AGENTS WANTED TO PUSH "WORLD WIDE" on special trial rate offer. Nothing nicer to canvas for. Generous commissions. It is just what intelligent people are looking for. Write for terms, samples, etc. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

SWEET PEAS, A VERY CHOICE MIXTURE, 3 large pkgs. 10c, 8 for 25c. By mail, post paid. CANADA SEED CO., Box 474, Toronto, Ont.

FREE JACK KNIFE. GENUINE JOSEPH ROGERS steel, for selling 2 doz. pkgs Sweet Peas at only 5c a pkg. Write for peas. Sell them. Return money, and we send you this costly knife post-paid. THE SEED CO., Box 474, Toronto, Ont.

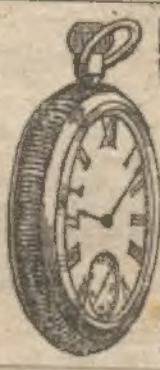
ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUST
BABY'S OWN
SOAP

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA
BREAKFAST — SUPPER.

TOYS A book for boys, giving plain instructions in the making of all manner of toys, machines, &c. Nothing like it for developing a boy's ingenuity. Fully illustrated and so simple that any boy can easily make anything described. Sent by mail for ten cents. McFarlane & Co., 110 Yonge St., Toronto.

BOY'S PRINTER A complete printing office, containing a font of changeable rubber type, ink pad, tweezers and holder. Useful in many ways—printing cards, marking clothing, boxes, etc. Every boy should have one. Postpaid 15 cts. McFarlane & Co., 110 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.



EARN THIS WATCH by selling only 2 doz. beautifully finished full-sized (5 x 7 in.) Cabinet **Photographs of Queen Victoria at 10c. each.** Everybody wants one. **They are going like wildfire.** Write for Photos. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American lever movement, fully warranted. It is accurate and reliable and with care will last ten years. **THE PHOTO CO., Box 122 TORONTO.**

FREE OPAL RING

Made of Solid Gold Alloy, set with 3 beautiful Opals, showing all the colors of the rainbow given for selling only 10 beautifully finished full-sized Cabinet **Photographs of Queen Victoria at 10c. each. They are going like wildfire.** Write for Photos. Sell them, return the money, and we send this superb Opal Ring in a handsome plush-lined box, postpaid. **THE PHOTO CO., BOX 134 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE

Graphophone given for selling only 3 doz. beautifully finished full-sized (5 x 7 in.) Cabinet **Photographs of Queen Victoria at 10c. each.** Everybody wants one. **They are going like wildfire.** This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co. of New York and Paris. With it we send five Selections as follows: Speech, "Song of Sixpence"; Piccolo Solo, "The Mocking Bird"; Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc., and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write for Photos. Sell them, return the money, and we send this splendid Graphophone and Outfit with complete instructions, all charges paid. **THE PHOTO CO., BOX 1792 TORONTO, ONT.**

NORTHERN MESSENGER
(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'